

1st The MONUMENT:

A

P O E M

Sacred to the IMMORTAL MEMORY
of the Best and Greatest of Kings,

William the Third.

King of *Great Britain, &c.*

*Quo nihil majus meliusve Terris
Fata donavere, bonique Divi;
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in Aurum
Tempora Priscum.*

Horat. Carm. Lib. 4.

By Mr. DENNIS.

L O N D O N;

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(iii)

TO THE

Most Noble and Mighty PRINCE,

WILLIAM

Duke of DEVONSHIRE,

Lord STEWARD of Her Majesty's Household,

AND

Knight of the most Noble Order of the
GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

IF the following POEM had been written by a Person who had a Genius equal to the Subject, it would in a peculiar manner have belong'd to Your Grace : For to whom should a Poet sooner address the Praises of a King, who will be eternally Glorious for the Restoring and Maintaining our Liberties,

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and

and the common Liberties of *Europe*, than to Your Grace, who has always appear'd so Great a Defender of them, and has ventur'd, and done, and suffer'd for them more than any Subject in *England*? The ardent Love of Liberty and of Your Country, are some of the many Heroick Qualities which You have inherited from Your Noble Ancestors, and some of the many which Your Grace has the Happiness to see deriv'd from Your Noble Self by the other Hope of Your August Family. The Wisdom, Foresight, Resolution, and Greatness of Soul that the Brave Lord *Candish* so constantly shew'd in the last Parliaments of K. *Charles* the Second, will never be forgotten as long as an *Englishman* remains alive. Ev'n then when it was esteem'd by some an unpardonable Crime to be thought one, even then Your Grace and that Illustrious Friend, whose Memory shall always be Dear to all the faithful Lovers of their Country, both of You heroically dar'd to appear at the Head of *Englishmen* resolv'd to assert their Privileges. He gloriously seal'd the Love of his Country with his Blood; but even after the Loss of the best of Friends, Your Grace persever'd with an undaunted Spirit in the Noble Cause of Liberty. Nor could the just Grief which You paid to his Memory, hinder You from paying that Duty which You ow'd to Your Country, which has always deservedly been Your first Affection. If some other Persons at that time would have entred into the Wisdom
of

The Dedication.

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of both Your Counsels, You your selves had saved us without the Help of the King; Your Noble Friend, as Your Grace's Self, had been one of the living Ornaments of Your delivered Country, and there had been no need of the Revolution, nor perhaps of the long War that succeeded it. It was neither His nor Your Grace's Fault that You were not then sufficiently seconded, and consequently that You did not save these Nations all that Blood and Treasure which the War has cost them. But when afterwards things were brought to that Extremity that a Revolution was absolutely necessary, no Man did more than Your Grace towards the bringing it about, and working our Deliverance that way. Your Grace was then the most Glorious Instrument of establishing the best of Kings upon the Throne of *England*, and defending her present Majesty at so dangerous a Juncture as that of the Revolution. She wisely thought that She could have no where recourse to a better Place for Her Safety, than where Your Grace was known to direct by Your Counsels, and to animate by Your Courage the Brave Assertors of Liberty.

I have a long time design'd to lay something of mine at Your Grace's Feet, that it might live, and grow and flourish under so Illustrious a Patronage. But the Awe that I stood in of the Force of Your Judgment, and the Fineness of Your Discernment, made me wait for this Opportunity: For I know very well, that I ei-

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ther ought never to approach You this way at all or to do it when I can be most secure of my self. And tho what I offer You now is far from meriting so High a Protection, yet I have less Mistrust of it than of any thing I have done in Poetry. Besides, the Design and the Immortal Subject may supply in some measure the Weakness of my Performance: For I am confident that Your Grace will not refuse to grant that Protection to the Vindication of the King's Memory, which the King at Your Grace's Request granted to the Rights and Privileges of every *Englishman*. I am,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most Humble,

most Dutiful, and

most Obedient Servant,

John Dennis.

THE
P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem was writ without any manner of Design of obliging or offending a Party. For in all my Life-time I never designed either to please or offend any, and was always of Opinion that he who makes his Court to any, is sure to do it to the wrong ; for if all Men were for the Publick Good, there never could be any Party, because a Patriot designs the Good of his Country, but one of a Party intends his own.

THE following Poem was writ with an Intention to do what Service I could to my Country at this Conjunction ; which, as Mr. Waller has truly observed, is a Duty incumbent upon the Muses Friend.

THE Muses Friend unto himself severe,
 With silent Pity looks on all that err.
 But if a great, a publick Action shines,
 That he rewards with his Immortal Lines.
 Whether it be in Council or in Fight,
 His Countries Honour is his chief Delight :
 Praise of great Acts he scatters as a Seed,
 Which may the like in coming Ages breed.

THIS is certain, that the late King delivered us from a deplorable State. Now we who were once in a condition to want a Deliverer, may hereafter be in such a Condition again ; for what has happened may happen. But since, as Mr. Waller observes, most Heroes are incited to the noble Acts they perform by a Desire of Praise, who will be at the Trouble to save or defend a People so ingrateful as to refuse them that ?

I DESIRE that the Reader would take two Cautions along with him : The one that he would not interpret that Love of Liberty which will be found in the following Poem, for an Aversion to Monarchy ; for Liberty is as consistent with the Government
 of

The Preface.

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of One as with that of a Thousand. The other is, that he would by no means mistake the Reflexions upon the Army which the Dutch had in 1672. for a Satyr upon the Nation in general. For I have a long time known the Dutch to be a Valiant, a Wise and a Great People, and their Country to be one of the strongest Bulwarks of the Liberties of Europe.

IF any one happens to wonder that I have employed so many Verses in describing the Battel of Seneffe, without dwelling afterwards upon any other of the Glorious Actions of the King, as the Battel of Mons, or that of the Boyn, or the Siege of Namur: I desire him to consider that in Descriptions of all Fights, there is something resembling; and by consequence, that one such Description for so short a work is enough; and that from among all the Actions of the King I chose the Battel of Seneffe, because of the Brave Army opposed to Him, and the Great Prince of Conde who headed them; and because it is the greatest of all the Actions in which the King, or perhaps any other Captain ever has been engaged; and above all, because the Success of the Allies was undeniably due to the King's Valour and Conduct.

THE following Poem was writ with a Design of showing the King and not my self, and written in the Language not of the Head but the Heart. 'Tis written in Blank Verse, and not in Ryme, not only because I thought that the former would
give

The Preface.

give me the more Liberty, but for several other Reasons which will offer themselves immediately to all who are Judges of Poetry, and which signify nothing to the rest. I will only put the Reader in mind that Mr. Milton looked upon Ryme as a Bondage, and my Lord Roscommon and Mr. Dryden as a Barbarity. Mr. Milton tells us in his Preface to *Paradise lost*, that Ryme is trivial to Judicious Ears, and of no true Musical Delight; and Mr. Dryden in his Verses before the *Essay upon translated Verse*, that Poetry flourished in Greece and Rome,

Till barbarous Nations and more barbarous Times,
Debas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rymes.

Mr. Dryden threw it off in Dramatick Poetry, as Mr. Milton had done in Heroick, and as my Lord Roscommon would have done, if he had lived to write any more; of which the following Lines in the *Essay upon translated Verse*, may be sufficient to satisfy us.

O F many Faults Ryme is perhaps the Cause,
Too true to Ryme we slight more useful Laws;
For that in Greece or Rome was never known,
Till by Barbarian Deluges o'erflown,

Sub-

The Preface.

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Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their Invaders Way.

I GRANT that from some Mossy Idol Oak,
In double Rymes our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke;
And by Succession of unlearned Times,
As Bards began, so Monks rung on the Chimes.

BUT now that *Phœbus* and the Sacred Nine,
With all their Beams on our blest Island shine;
Why should not we their antient Rites restore,
And be what *Rome* or *Athens* were before?

O MAY I live to Hail the Glorious Day,
And sing loud *Pæans* thro the crouded Way,
When in Triumphant State the *British* Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous Aid refuse,
And in the *Roman* Majesty appear,
Which none no better, and none come so near.

FROM

FROM what has been said it is plain, that three of our Poets, who have been deservedly celebrated for the Fineness of their Ears, have condemned and exploded Ryme, not only as an Enemy to Art, and a Clog to Genius, and a Debauser of the Majesty of Verse; but as a thing of barbarous Sound, and contrary to true Musical Delight. And I am confident, that those three Gentlemen, if they had been alive, would have been pleased to have seen in the following Poem, an attempt to second that generous Design, which the first of them began, and which the two others approved of; a Design to shake off a barbarous Custom, and to shew the Harmony of our Mother Tongue (contrary to Vulgar received Opinion) above that of our Neighbours the French, which is utterly incapable of producing any thing like Poetical Musick without the assistance of Ryme.

The

The MONUMENT:

A

P O E M

Sacred to the IMMORTAL MEMORY

O F

William the Third.

W H A T sudden Damp has seiz'd upon my Soul?
 Why are my Spirits chill'd, my Nerves unbent?
 Why am I sad, as is the mournful Grave?
 As if I never should know Comfort more,

Sure conscious Nature gives Prefage that Death,
 The Tyrant whom she most abhors, draws near.
 Ah woe ! 'tis now too plain ; for a worse Death

B

Has

The Monument.

Has happen'd than alas thou fondly thought'st,
 A Death in which the ruin'd World's concern'd,
 A Death attended with the Fate of Nations,
 Too plain, alas, I hear the doleful Sound,
 The Good, the Great, the Godlike *WILLIAM*'s dead!
 Gone is his mighty Mind, for ever flown,
 And nought but his Immortal Name remains:
 Gone is Great Providence's Watchful Viceroy,
 Gone the Great Soul that watch'd the Christian World,
 As the good faithful Shepherd does his Sheep
 Against the Prowlings of the nightly Wolf.
 Who shall now guard us from the bloody Foe?
 Mourn then, my Soul, th' irreparable Loss,
 And with thee summon Human Kind to mourn,
 With them too summon even th' Immortal Powers.
 Thou first and chief, forlorn *Britannia*, mourn,
 And with thee let thy faithful Sons keep time;
 For thou and they, and all have lost in him
 A Champion, Benefactor, Father, Friend.

THOU next, *Batavia*, fain *Batavia*, mourn,
 O let thy Eyes dissolve into a Stream,
 For thou hast lost——(O what hast thou not lost?)
 Thy Bulwark, thy Defence, thy lofty Mound
 That kept out lawless Arbitrary Pow'r,
 Which, like the Ocean, now surrounds thy Tow'rs,
 With dreadful Inundation threatn'g all.

EUROPA

The Monument.

3

EUROPA Beautiful, in sadness mourn!
Thy Father, thy Defender's from thee torn,
And now the Lustful Bestial God once more
Has loudly threaten'd thee with shameful Rape.
With thee let all thy Royal Sons lament,
Those martial Sons that were with *WILLIAM* join'd
In the Great Cause of Godlike Liberty:
Who shall your several Interests now unite?

AND thou, Celestial Charmer, *LIBERTY*,
Daughter of Wisdom, and of Supreme *Jove*!
Sister of Reason, and of Sovereign Law;
Now Goddess' beat thy beauteous Breasts, and rend
The flowing Ringlets of thy golden Hair,
To mourn thy Mighty Benefactor's Fate;
For *WILLIAM*'s Fate, O Liberty, was thine:
Thou and Religion here have room no more.

AND thou the darling Daughter of the Skies,
Divine *RELIGION*, thou whose melting Eyes
Have always like perpetual Fountains stream'd
To mourn th' Offences of a sinful World,
O let them pour a Deluge now of Tears
To wail the dismal Consequence of Sin,
To mourn Great *WILLIAM*'s and thy Flight to Heav'n.
He was thy Lover, and thy best lov'd,

B 2

He

He was thy Champion, and thy sole Defence
 Against the Tyrants both of Earth and Hell.
 His flaming Zeal, O Goddess, rous'd thy Friends,
 His charming Accents gain'd thy very Foes.
 To fight, O Goddess, and to die for thee.

AND ye, O ANGELS and ARCHANGELS all,
 Guardians of mighty Kingdoms, and of Kings,
 Who could your Cares on *WILLIAM*'s Breast repose,
 Who could your several Charges all to him
 Resign, while happily aloft ye tower'd,
 And cut with golden Wings your blissful Heav'n;
 Now mourn his Flight to the pure Realms of Day,
 And mourn your own Return to a bad World;
 For he is to your upper Regions flown,
 Who equal to your selves your Cares below supply'd.

(your Spheres
 THEN mourn, O EARTH, and mourn, ye HEAVENS;
 To melting Airs y' Intelligences tune;
 His Godlike Soul's for ever from us flown,
 Whose Zeal could the divided Earth unite,
 Whose wond'rous Zeal united Earth and Heav'n.

BUT let there be such Lamentation here
 As ne'er was known for any Fate before,
 And let the Grief be general, as the Loss;

For

The Monument.

5

For Human Kind has lost by *WILLIAM*'s Death,
His People most, his first and chiefest Care.
He was the tender Father to his People,
A Friend and Brother to the rest of Kings;
(Alas, few Kings are Friends, or meet with Friends)
A Benefactor to the Race of Men.
Sure 'twas some Angel who forsook the Skies,
And out of wondrous Love to wretched Men
Vouchsaf'd to dwell in Human Shape below.
For all his Life-time, he from Place to Place
Remov'd, dispensing Benefits to all;
And from their Gates the grand Destroyer drove.
For that alone he mov'd, he spoke, he thought.
As if th' important Business of his Life
Had been to sacrifice his own Felicity
To that of wretched Men, his Great Design
Extended to his most inveterate Foes:
He blest ev'n them, and would have done them good;
Because his Foes were still his Fellow Creatures,
From one Divine Original deriv'd.
His Foes his Justice and his Mercy knew,
And his inviolable Faith as firm
As are th' unchangeable Decrees of Fate.
For tho the wondrous Goodness of his Soul
Made him still sympathize in all our Joys,
And mourn and suffer in the Woes we feel;
Tho He found something in his godlike Mind,

That

That answer'd to the Cries of the Distress'd,
 And gave him Anguish, till they found Relief,
 Which was the Source of all his wondrous Deeds,
 And which distinguish'd his Heroick Life,
 And set him far above all vulgar Heroes;
 Yet was his Word so sacred and so sure,
 He would not break it to preserve a World.

BUT when your vulgar Heroes we survey,
 We find them the abhor'd Reverse of this.
 They, by the Fever of Ambition fir'd,
 Run frantically about the frighted World,
 And think to grow by mighty Mischiefs great,
 While Horror marches in their dreadful Van,
 And Death and Slaughter in their bloody Rear.
 Whole Towns they plunder, lay whole Countries waste,
 With grinding Want they make vast Kingdoms pine,
 But their own Kingdoms into Deserts turn,
 Where Famine lords it in its wild Domain:
 For their own Kingdoms loudest cry to Heav'n,
 And loudest under their Oppression groan.
 If they make doubtful Peace or hollow Truce,
 'Tis but for time to wage more dangerous War,
 To weaken and divide their thoughtless Foes,
 And lull them by Security to Fate.
 To Friends deceitful, faithless to Allies,
 Perfidious, perjur'd to their in-born Slaves;

Revenge-

The Monument.

7

Revengeful, cruel, bloody to Mankind :
A Sea of guiltless Blood they spill, a Sea
Of helpless Widows and of Orphans Tears,
Destroy their Enemies, their Subjects more :
Their Subjects chiefly feel their barbarous Hands ;
For mad with Rage, their Enemies they tear,
But their poor Subjects coolly they destroy.
O fruitless Labour of fantastick Pride !
For while they thus would more than Men appear,
Their Breach of Faith, the Wrongs they do each Hour,
Their hateful Violences make them less ;
Only by Fools and Impious Men admir'd,
Abhor'd by God, by all good Men despis'd.
Too faithful Copies of their proud Original,
The great Destroyer, and the Foe of Men,
The first and grand Artificer of Fraud ;
The pow'rful Prince of all th' infernal Pow'rs ;
Mighty to act, sagacious to contrive,
Who with capacious comprehensive thought
Sits brooding o'er his dark and damn'd Design
Of captivating all the Race of Men,
And fixing Universal Monarchy,
Which he sometimes with Violence and Rage,
Sometimes with Lies and Hell-born Arts pursues :
His Foes sometimes with open Force invades,
But most with secret Practice undermines,
And sows Dissensions to divide their Strength.

A

A dreadful and a dangerous Foe to all ;
 But sure Perdition to his fastest Friends :
 And his Allies are lost, as are his Slaves ;
 Who in Infernal Pains for ever howl.

THUS earthly Heroes copy him of Hell,
 Those Tyrants whom the thoughtless World calls Heroes :
 Such was not happy *WILLIAM*, but a Friend
 To Men, and Servant of the most Supreme.
 The chief and godlike Purpose of his Soul,
 Was the restoring Quiet, Order, Peace,
 And Universal Happiness to Men ;
 And like a faithful Servant to advance
 His Master's universal great Design.
 His Master would have all his Creatures blest,
 He loves the miserable Sons of Men ;
 And with a Love so ardent and so high,
 As never can be thought by finite Man :
 Next his was *WILLIAM*'s Love to all his Kind,
 For Fiends and Tyrants only were his Foes ;
 And Tyrants he esteem'd no longer Men,
 As cursed Fiends are Angels now no more,
 Fal'n from their Natures and their Names by Pride.
 He hated both, to both a mortal Foe,
 Because they dar'd t' impeach his godlike Purpose.
 For they make wretched all whom they make Slaves ;
 For what can be so dismal as to see

The Monument.

9

Our Lives, our Fortunes, nay our ev'ry Action,
Nay ev'n our Virtue and Divine Religion,
All in a feverish frantick Tyrant's pow'r,
And to his boundless Passions all expos'd.
He look'd with Indignation and Disdain
Upon th' aspiring, vain, presumptuous Wretch,
Who thought it great t' enslave his Fellow-Creatures:
Dogs were not made to be control'd by Dogs,
Nor Horses over Horses to insult,
They rule not one another ; nor ought Man
To controul Man ; but God is to command,
Who governs still by Reason and by Law.
He loves the Sons of Men, and leaves them free,
As free as is his own Almighty Power.
For he himself makes Reason still his Guide,
And swerves not from his own Eternal Laws.
Since our Great Maker then has left us free,
On whom we so immediately depend,
In whom we live, and move, and ev'n exist,
Kings who are God's Vice-gerents too must leave
Those who are under their Subjection, free ;
And govern them by Reason and by Law.
For tho like Gods they'r honour'd, they are Men,
And they must die like Men : So *WILLIAM* rul'd,
And look'd with Anger and with just Disdain
Upon the vain, the mortal, dying Wretch,
Who dares to make them Slaves whom God makes free ;

C

Who

Our

Who by his lawless boundless Passions fways,
 And sacrifices to his Lust of Power
 A thousand greater worthier than Himself,
 (For such are all the Good and truly Wise)
 Which is renouncing Reason's sacred Rule,
 Subverting th' Awful Government of God,
 Deposing ev'n the World's Perpetual King,
 As far as lies within a Mortal's Power,
 T' assert the direful Government of Hell.
 For if good Kings are God's Vicegerents, sure
 A Tyrant is Hell's Viceroy, and as such
 A Christian's bound by his Baptismal Vow
 Against him to denounce perpetual War.
 So *WILLIAM* did, and seem'd design'd by Fate
 T' assert the awful Government of God,
 And Liberty of Man; and ne're did Heav'n
 Nor Fate do more for mortal Man than Him,
 In giving him the Will to undertake,
 And Power to execute the vast Design.

AND never was it known that mortal Man
 More Noble, more Heroick Deeds perform'd,
 Than *WILLIAM* in the Cause of God and Liberty.
 The glaring Actions which the World calls Great,
 From Passion chiefly, not from Virtue flow;
 And of all Passions from Ambition most.
 Pride which such dangerous Ravage wrought in Heaven
 Among

The Monument.

11

Among th' Immortal Spirits of the Blest,
May well destroy our frail Felicity,
May well cause dreadful Revolutions here.
To Pride th' Illustrious *Romans* ow'd their Fame,
Their Quarrels still were specious, seldom just;
Yet not the greatest, first of *Romans*, *Cæsar*,
Darling of Story, Paramour of Fame,
Of whom she doting talks and ne're is tir'd,
To satisfy Ambition e're perform'd
Deeds which display'd such Greatness in the Man,
As what Great *WILLIAM* did for Liberty.

METHINKS, ye Friends to Arbitrary Sway,
At this great Paradox I see you smile;
But hear, ye wretched Slaves t' Opinion, hear,
And then determinethis important Cause.

CÆSAR acquir'd his greatest Share of Fame
Against the *Gauls*, who were our *WILLIAM*'s Foes:
But *Cæsar* fought with them divided, weak,
Doubtful in Counsel, and in Action flow,
False to each other, Traitors to themselves,
And the great Cause of dying Liberty.
No Captain at their Head like mighty *Cæsar*,
Vers'd in the Noble Science of the Field,
The dexterous Art of Fortifying Camps,
Or Ranging numerous Armies in Array;

Who by his lawless boundless Passions sways,
 And sacrifices to his Lust of Power
 A thousand greater worthier than Himself.
 (For such are all the Good and truly Wise)
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Vers'd in the Noble Science of the Field,
The dexterous Art of Fortifying Camps,
Or Ranging numerous Armies in Array;

No brave experienc'd Officers to form
 Their Troops, undisciplin'd and rude to War;
 Their Soldiers and Commanders all grown faint,
 Dejected, spiritless with frequent Routs;
 All dead and senseless to that Noble Fire
 That to Illustrious Acts inflames the Brave.

UNDER these Disadvantages lay *France*,
 In what Condition was great *Cesar* then?
 Mature in Years, by long Experience Wise,
 Awful for Eloquence and Martial Deeds;
 Leading the Flow'r of *Rome's* Victorious Legions,
 Back'd and supported by the Conquer'd World;
 Valiant his Soldiers, Skilful, Disciplin'd;
 Experienc'd their Commanders, Wise and Brave;
 And Soldiers and Commanders, *Romans* all:
 Inur'd to Dangers, made by Custom bold,
 Exalted, spirited with long Success,
 All eager in the burning Chase of Fame,
 All faithful and united under *Cesar*,
 And He Supreme and Absolute o're all.
 Yet with all these Advantages Great *Cesar*
 Ten tedious Years consum'd in Conquering *France*;
 And now the Glory of his Conquest shares,
 If the Distributors of Fame are just,
 With his Wife, Valiant, his Victorious Friends,
 Nay and with Fortune, with his very Foes.

For

The Monument.

13

For False and Traitors to the Common Cause,
Their Country basely they betray'd and fold.

WE 've shewn what *Cæsar* did for Pride, behold
What *VILLIAM* for Fair Liberty perform'd,
And th' Actions in an equal Balance lay.

'T WAS in the fatal and recorded Year,
In which *Batavia*, the Defence and Mound
Of Faith, of Right, of sinking Liberty;
Batavia like the native Land of *Jove*,
Proud of a hundred Formidable Towns,
Whose Lofty Bulwarks, and whose Stately Tow'rs
Are to the Storms of Arbitrary Pow'r,
What its Digues are to the Tempestuous Main:
For the wild roaring Torrent they restrain,
Which else would deluge all the Christian World,
And leave the Earth depopulate and bare:
'Twas in the Year in which forlorn *Batavia*
Invaded was, defenceless and surpriz'd,
And by two potent Enemies attack'd,
Britannia thundring on them from the Main,
And faithless *Gallia* lightning on the Shore;
While at the Horror of the Noise and Sight,
The *Belgick* Lion trembling and aghast,
Faint in his Roar, and with unfinew'd Paws,
Flew for Protection to the stormy Main,

Whose

Whose unrelenting Rage he most abhors :
 'Twas in that fatal Year in which the States
 (Their Country lost to the insulting *French*,
 Their strongest Bulwarks forc'd, or else betray'd)
 Were turn'd irresolute, distracted, wild;
 The Croud desponding all, divided, faint,
 Astonish'd and amaz'd, and stupid grown,
 In dreadful expectation of their Fate.
 'Twas at this fatal Juncture that the Prince,
 Like th' Offspring of the Gods, a Hero born,
 Without th' advantage of a long Experience,
 Without the influence of an awful Fame,
 Without courageous or instructed Troops;
 With nought on which he could depend but Heav'n;
 His vast Capacity and dauntless Soul,
 Magnanimously undertook to save
 His sinking Country and expiring Liberty.

HERE I'm in Rapture and Amazement lost !
 What shall I first admire, his dauntless Soul
 In that amazing Hurricane of Fate,
 E'er scarce the Bloom of Youth proclaim'd him Man,
 When all the Heav'ns look'd black, and all the Main
 Look'd dismal, when the frantick Billows rag'd,
 The Tempest roar'd, the forky Thunder roll'd,
 And loudly bellow'd o'er the dreadful Deep;
 The skilfulst Mariners confounded, foil'd,

The

The Monument.

15

The boldest trembling, dying with the Fright;
The sinking Vessel motionless and dead,
Those at the Helm desponding, desperate,
Abandoning to Winds and Waves their Care;
He who had never plough'd the Deep before
Alone untterrify'd, and undismay'd,
And dauntless in that dangerous Extreme,
As is a God by destiny secur'd;
As is the God of the tempestuous Deep,
When in some Storm that threatens general Wrack,
He lifts above the Waves his sacred Head
To calm his troubled Empire of the Main,
And give the lab'ring Universe Repose?

OR his great Conduct shall I first admire,
Without th' advantage of Experience, wise,
Exact, profound, unfathomably deep,
Design'd him by Foreknowledg, giv'n by Fate
To countermine the dark Designs of Hell?

CAN ye behold Him, ye ungenerous Foes
To his Great Memory, his Deathless Name,
Without extolling to the Stars his Fame,
When ye discern him in that dreadful Hour,
Appearing at the Head of shameful Troops,
A wretched Handful, antiquated most,
Rusty with Peace, and listless with Disuse,

The

The rest a vile tumultuous Crowd, in haste,
 By sad Necessity, not Choice, enroll'd,
 Rude and untaught, and barbarous to War,
 Unfit by Nature, and untrain'd by Art;
 By num'rous ill Successes abject made,
 Dejected, drooping, infamously base,
 The mere Reverse of all that's Great and Brave:
 Their Leaders the base Scum of all the rest,
 And for that only reason uppermost;
 Rais'd by the boiling Ferment of the State,
 Only for factious Discontent advanc'd,
 And inbred Hatred to their Great Defender?
 Can you behold him at the Head of these,
 Informing, moving, animating all,
 Changing their very Natures like a God;
 His Bravery kindling thousands with its Fire,
 His Spirit working like the World's Great Soul,
 And spreading beauteous Order thro them, where
 Trouble, Confusion, Chaos reign'd before?
 Can you see this, and not be wrapt with Wonder?
 Can you behold the conqu'ring *Gauls* at Bay
 Already on his first Appearance stopt
 In their precipitated wild Career,
 Already meditating their Retreat?
 Can ev'n his most inveterate Foes see this,
 And not exalt such wond'rous Worth to Heav'n?

The Monument.

17

WHAT a Man is to hearten fainting Hounds,
To rouse their Vigour on the lifeless Chase,
And guide them through the Mazes of the Field,
That to his drooping Countrymen was He;
Something between Divinity and them;
A more Exalted, a Superiour Being;
Their Guardian Genius, and their God of War.
His vast Capacity supply'd their Heads,
His martial Bravery inflam'd their Hearts,
And rais'd their abject and their grov'ling Souls
To Noble Thoughts, and to Immortal Deeds,
Above the Fear of Death, or foul Retreat.
So *Pallas* to the fainting *Greeks* appear'd,
Shook her invincible, her dreadful Shield,
And spread Celestial Vigour thro the Field.

BEHOLD him by a Conduct, which surpriz'd
The most Illustrious and the Oldest Chiefs,
The most experienc'd in the Art of War;
Like the young *Roman* Hero so renown'd,
Forfaking his poor Country to preserve it,
And save the sinking Freedom of the World.
Behold upon fair *Bona's* lofty Tow'rs
The Guardian Angels of a hundred Forts,
A hundred Towns, sit gazing to receive,
And with loud Welcomes hail their Great Defender:
For *Bona* taken set *Batavia* free,

D

And

And rent in twain th' opprobrious Bonds, prepar'd
 To bind the Christian World; yet, under Heav'n,
 That favour'd him, with such peculiar Grace,
 He owes th' Immortal Glory to Himself,
 Not to the Valour of his fainting Troops,
 Nor to the Skill of their unwarlike Leaders.
 Their Bravery was his, for he inspir'd it,
 And his their Conduct, which from him they drew:
 Nor owes his Fame to Weakness of his Foes,
 Or their Divisions, or their Want of Skill;
 But the Profoundness of his vast Designs,
 And his High Courage rais'd above Compare.

THE *Gauls* had all th' advantage o'er *Nassau*,
 That *Cesar* manifestly had o'er *Gaul*.
 Behold them strong, united, numberless;
 Their warlike Chiefs experienc'd and renown'd;
 Their well-provided Squadrons, skilful, brave,
 All flush'd and spirited with long Success,
 All eager in the burning Chase of Glory.
 Yet *WILLIAM* at the Head of wretched Troops,
 Wretched at least, till rais'd and fir'd by Him,
 In little more than one revolving Year
 Forc'd his dread Foes to leave his Country free:
 When *Cesar* with the Flow'r of Roman Legions,
 In the large Compass of Ten rolling Years,
 Scarce conquer'd barbarous divided *Gaul*.

The Monument.

19

EV'N Fortune claims no share in his Renown,
Fortune that bears so visible a part
In Human Actions, ruling all below,
Which Providence has wisely order'd, lest
Frail Dust should grow intolerably vain,
And cry, upon Success, 'Tis due to me.
But he so highly favour'd was of Heaven,
That still He brought about his vast Designs,
While she was known t' assist his mortal Foes.
The great Discerner of all Human Hearts
Knew that his Noble Soul was truly Great,
As far above presumptuous Pride as Fear;
So conscious of its Origin Divine,
It ne'er could ought but its Great Maker fear,
Ne'er own a Man superior to it self.
But then so mindful of its frail Condition,
And its Creator's high Omnipotence,
That its Dependance it could ne'er forget,
That him it would with trembling still approach,
And with profound Humility adore,
And by that Lowliness and awful Fear
Confirm its Greatness, and its dauntless Courage.

THUS Fortune and the Gauls were WILLIAM's Foes,
Both He resisted, and He conquer'd both,
And brought about his great and just Designs;
But cruel was the Conflict first, and long,

And oft the Goddess seemingly prevail'd,
 And oft at once collecting her whole Might,
 Took all Advantages of Time and Place,
 Prepar'd to crush him at a blow, when He
 With wondrous Art eludes that dreadful Blow,
 And with fresh Force disputes the doubtful Day :
 While Heav'n serene look'd down with all its Eyes,
 Charm'd with the greatest, noblest Sight that Earth
 Can offer to the Skies ; and that's a Man,
 A mortal Man, a Match for Fortune's Pow'r.
 Her Pow'r, great Arbitress of all below,
 Till his Invincible, unshaken Soul,
 With Wisdom, Patience, Resignation arm'd,
 And with a thousand Virtues that have Force
 To conquer Gods, compell'd her to submit,
 And own her glorious Conqueror at the last.

NOR were her Smiles more pow'rful o'er his Soul:
 For upon him the faithless Goddess smil'd
 Ev'n in the worst of Times, that dreadful Hour,
 When raving as a *Bacchanal*, and wild,
 She to new Slaughter lash'd on limping Fate,
 And led the *Gauls* t' extirpate lost *Batavia*.
 She offer'd him a Kingdom for a Bribe,
 A Kingdom with a hundred pow'rful Towns,
 In Wealth exhaustless, numberless in Men;
 Which he rejected with a Brave Disdain,

And

The Monument.

21

And chose to perish with his Country free,
Rather than found an Empire on its Bonds.
O Greatness, to be found on Earth no more!
Exalted far above all Royalty,
And far above the Rule of Fortune's Pow'r:
For when long after he embrac'd a Crown,
Justly confer'd by free Consent of those
O'er whom He was to reign; th' Acceptance then
Was necessary for the World, not Him,
And for the World H' embrac'd it, not himself.
To him 'twas all Increase of Toil and Care:
He wanted not a Crown to make him Great;
His Soul possess'd a Greatness of its own,
Not like the short-liv'd Pomp of Fortunes Pow'r,
But durable, Immortal as it self;
Plac'd like it self above the Force of Fate.
His Towing Soul it self was Greatness all,
All vast Intelligence and solid Virtue,
The things which make ev'n God and Angels Great.

A FALSE and borrow'd Lustre He despis'd,
Deriv'd from Scepters and Imperial Crowns,
His Soul with native Lustre, native Flame
Shone out, as glorious as th' Eternal Fire,
Which rolls his Sovereign Globe along the Sphere,
Rapid, yet firm in the Refulgent Course,
That the Great Mover taught him at the first,

And

And whose Excess of Glory darkens all
 The rest of God's Vicegerents in the Skies.
 Thus while vain Pomp and tinsel Glory serve
 T' amuse the gazing and inconstant Crowd,
 He charm'd the bravest, wisest Men on Earth;
 Angels look'd wondring on his Virtue down,
 And the Great Maker pleas'd, his Master-Piece survey'd.

THUS He, despising Royalty, acquir'd
 A more extended and a Nobler Power.
 Imperial Crowns, who saw to what a Height
 Above all Human Greatness He was rais'd,
 How far above all little selfish Thoughts,
 Acting as if he thought he had been born
 For all the World except himself alone;
 Anxious about the Safety of the World,
 But utterly regardless of his own;
 And hazarding his own for that of all
 Imperial Crowns convinc'd of this, confess
 An Excellence superior to their own;
 And Kings themselves grew subject to his Sway.
 Him with Esteem and Wonder they beheld,
 Champion of God and his most Sacred Truth,
 Defender of the Liberties of Men,
 And Great Protector of the Rights of Kings:
 And they who gave to mighty Nations Laws,
 Receiv'd them first from him, and justly thought

DEA

That

That only He who of Mankind took care,
By Nature was design'd the Lord of All.
What but the Head takes care of every Part?
What but the Soul? What but th' informing Soul,
That runs thro' all, that animates them all,
And in continuous Union all maintains;
Union, their Cause of Spirit, Health, and Force,
And which dissolv'd, to all brings Fate or Woe?

NOW He the Councils of those Kings collects,
And all their different Interests reconciles;
Of all their thwarting, selfish, low Designs,
One Common, Noble, Vast Design he makes,
That seem'd impossible to all but Him.
But his rare Genius sure Expedients finds
To calm their Jealousies, and sooth their Pride;
And all at least are satisfied in him,
The Tie and Bond of Union to them all.
And now behold him marching at the Head
Of all their Squadrons, *German, Spanish, Dutch*;
Now see them filing thro' thy narrow Ways,
Till then inglorious and obscure *Seneffe*,
Now shining in the bright Records of Fame,
Among the Glories of th' Eternal Roll;
And lo the *Germans* and the *Dutch* have pass'd,
And the Proud *Spaniard* now prepares to pass,
When lo Great *Conde* with his headlong Troops

Comes

That

Comes pouring on them like a sounding Flood,
 That by Destruction makes its noisy Way.
 Upon the Wings of Fear the *Spaniards* fly,
 And many a Furlong leave their Pride behind;
 For *Conde's* Image haunts them in their Flight,
 His awful Form still urging on their Speed,
 More dreadful to them than his Numerous Host;
 His awful Form presented to their View,
 To their Remembrance calls his glorious Acts,
 Their Friends defeated, and Themselves o'rethrown.
 When e're Great *Conde's* Image they behold,
 The bloody Plains of *Lens* are in their View;
 And thou, O *Friburg*, with thy dismal Cliffs,
 And the dire Fields of *Norlingue* and *Rocroy*,
 A thousand Victories and High Exploits
 Encompass him with dreadful Glory round;
 About him like a Guard of Terrors march,
 And arm him with Eternal Majesty.
 These Fantoms goad the *Spaniards* in their Flight,
 And now the Fury of that shameful Flight
 Proves fatal to the Forces of their Friends,
 And the Battalions breaks and overwhelms.
 That *WILLIAM* swiftly sends to their Relief,
 The *French* drive on and no Resistance find,
 Or else Triumphant force their way through all:
 Outragious as a Flame that's driv'n by Winds,
 And fiercer, stronger, by Obstruction grown.

But

The Monument.

225

But now Heroick *WILLIAM* thund'ring comes
To turn the Fortune of the bloody Day ;
Behold with what a Noble-Rage h' attempts
T' arrest his Squadrons in their headlong Flight :
For his own Squadrons first He's forc'd t' attack.
With what a matchless Bravery he meets
Routed Battalions panting o'er the Plain !
Then with his flaming Sword in their Career
He stands, his Person to them all expos'd,
His Thundring Arm opposing to them all.
Now by the Torrent overborn, o'erwhelm'd,
Now stemming with a dauntless Breast the Tide,
And now with desperate Vehemence turning all,
The Base with Blows corrects, with Words, the Brave ;
And some the sparkling Glories of his Eye ;
And some his Looks, and some his Voice inflames ;
O whither run ye ? O return, return !
O ye who had the Looks of Soldiers once,
I see ye always had the Hearts of Slaves,
The worst of Slaves, from Slaves themselves ye run ;
You Cowards in defending Liberty,
They in augmenting their own Thralldom Brave.
For me my own right Hand, or else my Foes,
My Freedom and my Glory shall secure ;
For Death or Victory bring both alike.
Ye few Great Souls, who Liberty and Fame
Prefer to wretched, shameful, slavish Life,

E

Come

But

Come on, be *Death* or *Victory* the Word.

THIS said, he breathing an Heroick Air,
As great as if Eternal Fame appear'd,
And to High Actions call'd her darling Sons.
And now their Shame prevails upon their Fear,
And now he leads them furious to the Charge,
Firmly resolv'd to die a thousand Deaths,
And to forsake the World e'er such a Leader.
Now at their Head with a resistless Rage
He thro the firmest *French* Battalions breaks,
And charging thro and thro their Squadrons mows,
Their Squadrons now conceal'd in smoaky Clouds,
And now reveal'd in blazing Sheets of Fire,
And now the *French* grow fiercer by Despair:
And with redoubled Voice *Bellona* raves,
With shriller Notes the Cornets vex the Air,
Death's Bugles in the dismal Chase of Blood,
The Trumpets kindle *Mars* with fiercer Sounds,
And the tempestuous Drums with thicker Stroaks
Alarm the Foe of Nature. All the Heavens,
And all the Air appears conflicting Fire,
And now the joining Squadrons rend the Skies,
And riding at full Stretch upon the Plain,
With hideous Outcries on each other rush,
And make one ghastful Charnel of the Field;
The ratling Plain with murdering Volleys rings,

And

The Monument.

27

And to the thundring Cannons mortal roar,
The Hills rebellow with a dreadful Sound,
That the dire Confort seems to deaf the World.
WILLIAM, the glorious Spirit of the War,
Is every where where Danger most prevails,
Correcting Fortune, and confronting Fate.
Like *Mars* himself, Fierce, Valiant, Raging, Young,
Among the thickest Foes his thundring Steed
He spurs, then brandishes his fatal Sword;
Terror severely sparkling in his Eyes,
Death like a Faulcon perch'd upon his Arm,
Watching the certain Signal of his Blow,
And then like Lightning darting at his Prey.
WILLIAM the desperat'st Champion of the Field,
In Feats of Arms and mortal Rage excels,
Surpassing in amazing Actions all
Whom Glory urges, or whom dire Despair,
The meanest Sentry less expos'd than he.
Frequent amidst the hottest of the Fire,
And oft surrounded, cover'd o're with Flames;
And yet in Conduct oldest Chiefs excels,
To best Advantage ev'ry Motion makes,
Always exactly present to himself,
Spite of his furious executing Arm,
Spite of the Smoak, the Tumult, and the Noise:
The raging Trumpet and the storming Drum,
The Musquets Din, and thundring Cannons Roar;

Nay spite of Death, whom all his dreadful Guard
 Of purple Terrors through the Field attends,
 Who painting hideously his ghastful Face
 With Dust and Blood, and leaping his pale Steed
 O're slaughter'd Heaps, rides dismal thro the Plain.

THUS all the Day the God of Battel rag'd,
 And the Sun sat in Horror and in Blood;
 And then the lab'ring Moon beheld a Sight
 That troubled her above *Theſſalian* Charms,
 And made old Night look hideous to her View.

NOW in their turns the mangled *French* recoil,
 And doubt the Fortune of the dreadful Day;
 And well they may recoil, and well may doubt;
 When their Great Chief th' Heroick *Conde* doubts.
 Now Rage, Disdain, and Grief to Madness wrought,
 And the tormenting Conscience of his Worth,
 Disturb his Generous Breast, and wrack his Soul:
 He raves, He cannot bear the stabbing Thought
 Of yielding to a beardless Chief the Field.
 But this is what torments and stings him most,
 That He, who now for thirty Glorious Years
 Has with successive Victories been crown'd,
 Been us'd to all the Wonders of the Field,
 Himself the Noblest Wonder of them all,
 Should see this Godlike Youth perform such things,

As force ev'n him t' admire; O mortal Shame!
 He crys aloud, O Death to my Renown!
 'Twas He, 'tis manifest, 'twas none but He
 That turn'd the Fortune of the Wondrous Day.
 Thou my Divinity, Eternal Fame,
 And Victory, thou Darling of my Soul:
 My Mistress, that for Thirty Glorious Years
 Hast still been constant to my Noble Fire!
 Will ye desert me for a Boy at last?
 Is not my Deathless Passion still the same?
 Is not my Great Aspiring Soul the same?
 The same my Conduct, and my Nervous Arm?
 Have I for *Nassau* courted you thus long?
 For him were all the desperate Fields I fought;
 For him my accumulated Triumphs all;
 Which with my Loss of Quiet, and of Blood,
 With Restless Days, and Sleepless Nights I won?
 O never, never let it be pronounc'd!
 First let me perish, let me perish all!
 The very Name of *Conde* be forgot;
 Be the curst Syllables ne're mention'd more;
 And ye vain Monuments of my Renown,
Lens, Norlingue, Friburg, St. Antoine, Rocroy!
 O let *Seneffe* compleat th' Illustrious List;
 Or may ye all neglected be by Fame,
 And never shine in her Eternal Roll!

THIS

THIS said, He leads the *French* to certain Fate,
 For now th' Allies Invincible are grown,
 Dauntless their Minds, Impregnable their Posts,
 Such is their Hero's Conduct and his Fire:
 And now they pour a Storm of Iron Hail,
 Whose Fury makes whole Squadrons fall, while they
 Cover'd with Dust, and horrid all with Blood;
 The slaughter'd *French* in Ghastful Heaps behold,
 And take new Spirit from that dismal Sight.
 Conde resolves his Men shall perish all,
 Resolves himself to perish at their Head;
 And all had fal'n a Victim to Despair,
 If the descending Goddess of the Night
 Had not just then withdrawn her Sickly Beams,
 And Night her blackest Mantle o're them thrown.
 And now the Rage and Din of Battel cease,
 Nor Noise nor Silence in the Field prevails,
 But a low, hoarse and undistinguish'd Sound,
 A fullen hollow grumbling strikes their Ears;
 The dreadful Murmurs of declining Rage,
 And the last doleful Accents of Despair.
 And now the *French* conceal'd in Night retire,
 And to Victorious *WILLIAM* leave the Field;
 And in the Height of Anguish and Despair
 Praise his great Conduct and his matchless Fire.

HERE

The Monument.

31

HER E meanly his ungenerous Foes enquire,
Were all his Battels thus with Conquest crown'd?
What if they were not? they deserv'd it all,
And that was more than Victory to him :
He nobly chose to merit Victory,
Rather than have it poorly undeserv'd :
And from the Height of his exalted Soul,
Descend to Triumph by inglorious Ways :
Greater and more exalted in Distress
Than the great Monarch in his happier Hours,
Looking with Scorn on Fortune and his Foes,
And all who prosper'd by ignoble Arts.
His Conquests all were Glorious, all were Just,
All fairly gain'd in the broad Eye of Heav'n,
And gain'd while Heav'n and Earth look'd wondring on.
Conquests indeed, not Robberies nor Fraud,
Nor Purchases nor Thefts, a Conqueror he !
No Trafficker for Countries and for Towns,
Nor double Dealer in the Trade of War,
Nor fordid Turner of his Gold for Gain.
He conquer'd at *Senesse*, had 'ere his Foes
A braver Army, or a nobler Chief ?
A Chief with such Experience, such Renown,
And so much Conduct join'd with so much Fire ;
So wondrous when the God of Battel rag'd ?
He who against great *Conde* found Success,

Could

Could ne're have mis'd it against meaner Chiefs;
 Had he not by their Numbers been oppress'd,
 Or by the Falseness of his own betray'd;
 For to himself he always ow'd Success,
 To his high Conduct, and his great Example,
 His Losses to the Falshood, or the Sloth,
 Or Impotence, or Factions of his Friends.
 But yet whene're he lost th' incertain Day,
 He lost but what was Fortune's, not his own.
 The towring Greatness of his Soul was His,
 And that he never lost, that was Himself;
 His very self; his Troops have been subdu'd,
 But never He, He gain'd by their Defeat.
 Since adverse Fortune shew'd him more himself
 Of deeper Conduct, and more towring Mind,
 More watchful Care, and more unwearied Toil;
 Of Resolution never to be broke,
 Of Constancy that triumph'd over Fate,
 And kept Proud Fortune in severest Awe.
 'Twas this that terrify'd his happier Foes,
 Made *Lewis* in the Fields of *Valenciennes*
 Poorly the Glorious proffer'd Fight refuse,
 Afraid to trust his far more numerous Troops,
 More Skilful, more Victorious, more Renown'd;
 Doubting if they with Fortune's stronger Power
 Could guard him all from *WILLIAM's* great Revenge.
 This made the Proud and Haughty Monarch stoop,

And

The Monument.

33

And after all th' Advantages he gain'd,
With Prudence doubt the last Event of War,
And in our Hero's Country sue for Peace.

AND now the World in faithless Peace lies lul'd,
Which more than War advances boundless Sway ;
Fair Liberty sleeps on, and never dreams
That to her Heart her Murderer's Hand's so near,
Till 'tis too late to fear, too late to dream :
For now they seize and bind Her strongest Friend,
That they may surely give the fatal Blow.
Now the Crowns totter on a hundred Heads,
And *Europe's* nodding Powers expect to fall ;
For lo where bound forlorn *Britannia* lies,
Pinion'd her Arms that once the Balance held,
And in due Poise sustain'd the pond'rous World.
Bound to her Rocks like *Andromede* she lies ;
Fair Liberty shrieks out aloud for Aid ;
When *WILLIAM* on the Wings of all the Winds,
Like *Perseus*, nobly to their Rescue flies ;
While the admiring World attentive stands,
Trembling in Expectation of th' Event,
For *WILLIAM's* Fate the General Fate decides :
When with Success above what *Cæsar* found,
(But *Cæsar* came t' enslave, and He to free)
The Happy Hero came, and conquer'd e're he saw.

F

O CON-

O CONQUEST worthy Men and Angels praise!
 How poor's the Triumph for extended Sway,
 Compar'd to this? This Conquest over Hearts,
 This Triumph over Souls, which leaves them free,
 And makes the Vanquish'd happier than the Victors.
 The *Britons* who were wretched Slaves before,
 Who 'ad lost ev'n Hope, and who expected nought
 But Life in Miseries, or Death in Flames,
 When he approach'd grew Happy, Free, Secure:
 So Happy that their Raptures knew no Bounds!
 For hark how their tumultuous Joy grows loud!
 Hark how their stormy Shouts ascend the Skies
 To unknown Worlds, transporting *WILLIAM's* Fame!
 Still, still the Sounds are in my ravish'd Ears,
 And still methinks I hear the Nation's cry,
 Hail thou Defender of unspotted Faith!
 Renown'd Restorer of lost Freedom, hail!
 Great Patron of the Christian World, all hail!
 At thy Approach fierce Arbitrary Power,
 And bloody Superstition disappear.
 At thy Approach fair Liberty returns,
 And smiling darts a lovely Glance so sweet,
 As charms at once the Hearts of Gods and Men:
 While Piety looks modestly assur'd,
 And lifts its moving melting Eyes to Heaven;
 O Happy, Happy above Millions, Thou,

Who

Who hast made Millions blest; Thee Times to come,
Thee Nations yet unborn shall Happy call:
For the diffusive Good which flows from Thee
To ev'ry Age and Nation must extend.

But we th' ungratefulst and the worst of Men,
Should we e'er cease to celebrate thy Praise,
Should we forget the boundless Debt we owe.
Then raise thy Voice, O Happy Island, raise,
Let thy tempestuous Raptures tow'r to Heaven,
Till Angels catch our Great Deliverer's Praise;
Tune it, ye Angels, to your deathless Lyres,
And let all Heaven attend th' enchanting Song,
For ye have Voices for the lofty Theme.

Ye Angels, an Immortal Glorious Crown
To recompense th' Immortal Act, prepare!
But may he wear it late, and long be ours,
May ye impatiently expect him long,
Long may he deign to wear this earthly Crown,
Which now we place upon his Sacred Head,
A poor and mean Return for what we owe:

THIS was th' assembled Nation's general Sense,
In these warm Sounds they 'xpress'd their Gratitude,
And pleas'd the Godlike Hero with their Joy.
Yet scarce the inconstant Moon renew'd her Orb
(O may it never mention'd be by Fame,
Or never be believ'd by Times to come!)

Before they chang'd their more inconstant Minds,
And murmur'd at their Great Deliverer.
Some envied ev'n the Crown they had bestow'd,
And some, regretting their old Thralldom, cry'd
For *Egypt* and its Vegetable Gods.
Others would be preserv'd, but not by Him;
Alas unfortunate, mistaken Men!
Who could preserve you possibly but He?
Hark how *Hibernia* rends with Shreeks the Air,
And to *Britannia* cries aloud for Help.
In vain Great *Schomberg* marches to her Aid,
With his Brave Officers, his dauntless Troops,
With his own wondrous Skill in Feats of Arms;
For Superstition and wild lawless Power,
Stood both insulting by, and saw those Troops
Consum'd insensibly without a Blow.
But *WILLIAM*'s Presence on the wondring *Boyn*,
Made his Foes tremble, cheer'd his fainting Friends,
Reviv'd them like their Universal Soul,
And quickly chang'd that hapless Island's Fate;
As when the Sun above th' Horizon mounts,
And with his Blaze of Glory fills the World:
Goblins, and Ghosts obscene, and Spirits damn'd,
That revel'd by the Stars uncertain Light;
Or the pale Glimpses of the Silver Moon,
Revere th' Effulgence of the Lord of Day,
And disappearing take their Flight to Hell,

So when the Light of all the Christian World
 Mounted in Glory o'er the Banks of *Boyn*,
 Unbounded Pow'r soon took its headlong Flight,
 And frighted Superstition quickly shrunk
 Its hated Head within its gloomy Cell.
Hibernia rescued by her Martial King,
 Made thee, *Britannia*, more securely free.
 Why dost thou murmur then, ungrateful Isle?
 What, dost thou envy to the Best of Kings
 That Happiness which waits upon a Crown
 That thou thy self so freely hast bestow'd,
 So justly fix'd upon his Sacred Head?
 Is that thy Cause of envious Discontent?
 Alas, the Happiness is all for Thee,
 And all the Toil and Misery for him!
 For thee, and not Himself He wears that Crown.
 The very best of Fathers and of Kings
 Contentedly supports a wretched Life,
 That He may make his much-lov'd Children blest:
 For *William* in his Kingdoms is Himself
 The only Man whom his Auspicious Reign
 Constrains to bear intolerable Care.
 Not all the Rolls of Fame can shew a King
 Who labour'd under such a Weight before.
 Abroad behold a formidable Foe!
 Surpassing in his Numbers and his Strength
 The whole Alliance which our Hero form'd;

Then:

Then that Alliance difficult to form,
And wondrous difficult to be maintain'd;
Some Weak, some Slow, some Jealous, Factious all,
And thwarting in their contrary Designs.
He was the only Man upon the Globe
Who could at once resist the Common Foe,
And could enforce the Weakness of his Friends,
Quicken their Sloth, enrich their Poverty,
Cool their Mistrusts, their Factions reconcile.
At the same time at home, amongst his own
Lurk'd his most mortal and most dangerous Foes,
Those Sons of Darkness, who conceal'd in Night,
Sat brooding o'er their damnable Design
To take away the very Life of Liberty.
In the mean while his faithfulst Friends at home,
His loyalst Subjects too divided were,
Too factious grown to take just care of Him,
More eager most each other to destroy,
Than Him their common Safety to defend.
How few, alas, he found entirely true!
How few in whom he could entirely trust,
Upon whose faithful Breasts he could discharge
Some part of his intolerable Load!
For some had groundless Jealousies conceiv'd,
And others of themselves had too much care
To be solicitous about their King.
Never had Prince such Hardships to surpass;

The Monument.

39

For in eternal Toil He past his Hours,
Wasted with Action, or consum'd with Thought,
And twenty times He past the Stormy Main,
While We in Peace securely slept at home;
Past it against his Health, against his Life,
Past it for Us against his very Self:
'Tis what his tender Body ne'r could bear;
In ev'ry Passage he almost expir'd,
Profuse of his inestimable Life,
To save and to defend ungrateful Men.
And when the wearying Toils of hard Campaigns
Were overcome, alas He came not home,
Like other Conqu'rors, t' indulge Himself
In soft repose, or to enjoy the Fame,
Or the fair Conscience of his Noble Acts.
For always He return'd to endure new Toils,
And bear almost insufferable Pains;
Contending with the envious Rage of some,
The causeless, groundless Jealousies of more,
And with the fierce Divisions of us all.
And when with Godlike Patience he had born,
Beyond what Nature suffer'd him to bear,
The weary Marches, and the hard Fatigues
Of a laborious and a long Campaign,
At his return he always something found
More difficult and grievous to be born,
Unjust Reproaches, undeserv'd Affronts

From

For

The Monument.

From those whom with the hazard of his Life,
 Whom with the loss of Rest and Health he serv'd;
 And yet with Patience He supported all,
 Because He knew his Just Resentment shewn
 Would have confounded all his Great Designs.
 Therefore that just Resentment pent within,
 Like a devouring Flame that wants a Vent,
 Consum'd and prey'd upon his Noble Heart,
 Exhausting the best Spirits of his Blood,
 And richest Purple of the Royal Flood.

BEHOLD Him (and then murmur, if thou canst,
 O thou Repining and Ungrateful Tribe!)
 Lab'ring beneath this Weight, this World of Care,
 Which his frail Body could endure no more:
 He knew it, yet undauntedly went on,
 Devoting his Inestimable Life,
 And off'ring his Hearts-blood a Sacrifice
 For the Felicity of wretched Men;
 Firmly resolv'd, as far as fleeting Life
 Would give him leave, in spite of e'en our selves
 And all our foolish and our factious Rage,
 To finish the great Work He had begun.

IN this the *Roman Decii* He surpass'd;
 They for their Country too themselves devov'd,
 But what they did was probably th' effect

Of

The Monument.

41

Of wild Enthusiasm and of frantick Rage,
And sudden the Resolve, and short the Pain.
But *WILLIAM*'s Action was th' effect of Thought,
Of a deliberate and long Design;
For sensibly his Life consum'd away,
And sunk beneath the Pressure of Affairs;
Yet He with indefatigable Soul,
And with almost Divine Resolve, went on,
And knowing He or Liberty must die,
By his eternal Care, eternal Toil,
To support that exhausted his Best Blood,
And sav'd it at th' expence of ev'n his Life.

AND if Success (O fond mistaken Men,
That judg of Human Actions by Success!)
Was sometimes wanting to his Great Designs;
Yet he deserv'd it still, and that's enough,
And greatest, when he miss'd it, still was found;
For then his firm and comprehensive Soul
In all the Lustre of its Virtue shone.
Yet he's unjustly said to want Success,
Who by his matchless Conduct, in despite
Of Fortune's Favour, ruin'd his great Foe,
And near Perfection brought his own Designs;
In spite of Losses made his Kingdom thrive,¹
While *France* with all its Fortune was undone:
For by Himself, and not by Fortune Great,

G

Great

Of

Great *WILLIAM* found us wretched, left us blest
 In spite of all her Malice, all her Rage:
 But ill that King deserves the Name of Great,
 Who found his Subjects wealthy, easy, blest,
 And will be sure to leave them poor, starv'd, curst,
 In spite of false Success and false Renown.

AND thus to blest Mankind our Hero liv'd,
 'Twas the sole Business of his Godlike Life,
 And great Employment of his dying Hours.
 He knew he ne'er could better die imploy'd
 Than He had liv'd; he knew the very Best,
 The Greatest, Holiest of Mankind were they
 Who of their Maker most resemblance bear;
 And that they best resemble the most High,
 Who to Mankind do most diffusive good,
 And who for future Ages best provide.
 Nor could the King of Terror's awful Face
 Turn his Attention from his Grand Design:
 The grizly King no Terrors had for Him;
 Calmly they met, and kindly they embrac'd,
 As friendly Monarchs on their Frontiers meet.
 His mighty Soul was so remote from Fear,
 That He shew'd nothing like what's falsely Brave,
 And nothing like what's falsely Good He show'd,
 No earnest vehement Devotion paid,
 Th' effect of Terror and Astonishment;

But

The Monument.

43

But calm, resign'd, and charitably meek,
Briefly and mildly offer'd up that Soul
To the Great Judg of Kings who knew his Heart,
And the main Spring of all his Actions saw.
That done, again he of the World took care ;
For his Religion in his Actions lay,
And not in fruitless Words and empty Sounds :
He look'd upon himself as sent by God
T' advance the Happiness of Human Kind ;
And as He past his whole Heroick Life,
He dy'd performing his Great Master's Will ;
And as He knew no Fear, so Pain it self
Could not divert him from his Great Design.
If we give Credit to the Sons of Art,
His latest Hours in sharpest Pains were spent,
And yet he shew'd no smallest Sign of Pain,
Utter'd no loud Complaint, nor piercing Groan ;
No Mark of Torment on his Face appear'd,
Only a more compassionating Look
For his lov'd People whom he left behind,
The best of Fathers for his Children felt,
But for himself appear'd insensible.
Yet his no fruitless vain Compassion was,
But made him eager to compleat those Acts
That dire impending Mischiefs might prevent,
And might our future Happiness secure.

O GREATNESS, never known to Man before!
 Too great to be conceiv'd by Human Thought!
 Behold a Man, who dies in sharpest Pain,
 In his own Height of Misery intent
 Upon providing Happiness for all,
 Which makes the sole Imployment of a God;
 In perfect Ease and full Felicity:
 As much concern'd for the World's Liberty,
 As if his Business ceas'd not with his Life,
 As if our Guardian Angel had assum'd
 That Royal Shape, and would not leave his Charge,
 But only disappear to Mortal Eyes.

NOT the least Trouble or Concern He shew'd,
 That his Great Maker call'd him at a Time,
 When the expecting World had all its Eyes
 Intent on Him, the Darling Theme of Fame;
 When all his vast Designs were just reduc'd
 Within a certain Prospect of Success;
 When humbled *Gaul*, and the deliver'd World
 Had all advanc'd his Fame to such a height,
 As never Human Glory rose before.
 Not in the least concern'd at being snatch'd
 From the transporting Joy, the vast Applause
 Of all the Nations happy made by Him.
 The Hero meekly bore it, tho He knew
 That the World judges by the last Event;
 But the World's Praise was what he could contemn.

He

He like a faithful Servant had perform'd
What his Great Master destin'd him to do;
And so dy'd, pleas'd with this Heroick Thought,
That had that Master's absolute Decree
Allotted him a thousand times as much,
He would with Cheerfulness have done it all.

OF all about him in that dreadful Hour
He was alone serene, the mournful rest
Felt all the fiercest Pangs of Grief and Fear,
Of ghastful Horror, and of wild Despair;
Their bloodshot Eyes, and their distracted Looks
Declar'd the inward Torments of their Souls;
They all like Wretches on the Rack appear'd,
Like the compassionate Spectator He.
At last one hearty Sigh he gives for all,
A Sigh that ended his Heroick Toils,
And brought that Rest which Virtue could not bring.
And now in loud and lamentable Wails
They vent their lawless Grief that knows no Bounds:
Some for their Royal Patron wring their Hands,
Their Benefactor some aloud deplore;
Some their Wife, Brave, Undaunted General;
Their Great Deliverer and Defender some;
Their Father, like poor helpless Orphans, all.
But turn thy View, my Soul, from that vast Grief,
Whose mortal Prospect is enough to blast

Thy

Thy strongest and thy noblest Faculties.
 Yet whither must I fly t' avoid that Grief?
 All *Europe* catches the contagious Woe:
 The Greatest Men on Earth his Fate deplore,
 Those dauntless Souls who always scorn'd their own:
 Kings for that Loss not only grieve, but die.
 But cease your Lamentations, O ye Kings;
 Your loud Laments, y' afflicted Nations cease;
 'Tis for your selves this vast Excess of Woe,
 And not for Him, for He is surely blest.
 Never a greater Subject was of Woe;
 But still excessive Grief some Weakness shews,
 But lofty Praise declares a Noble Mind,
 The best Return for mighty Benefits,
 And worthy to be offer'd up to Gods,
 And to good Kings, who most resemble Gods.
 Then change your Voices all with one accord,
 Y' afflicted Nations, change your mournful Notes,
 And praise your mighty Benefactor's Name;
 Lift up your Voices all with one accord,
 For the Great Theme requires your noblest Flights.
WILLIAM the Great, the Good, the Just is gone;
 Yet never, never shall He die entire,
 But his Immortal Memory shall last
 As long as Gratitude remains in Men,
 As long as lovely Liberty remains.
 For *WILLIAM* was the Greatest, Best of Kings,

That

The Monument.

47

That e'er was sent from Heaven to rule the Earth,
Or will be sent when Golden Times return :
Who, persecuted and oppress'd by Fate,
Outpower'd, outnumber'd by the common Foe,
Deserted by some Friends, betray'd by some,
Ill seconded by more, almost alone,
Did by a Conduct Matchless and Divine
Deliver lost *Batavia*, *Belgia* save,
New imp'd the *Roman* Eagles soaring Wings,
To take a stronger and a nobler Flight ;
Britannia he restor'd, *Hibernia* He reduc'd ;
He Superstition's bloody Progress stopt,
And check'd the Rage of Arbitrary Sway ;
Religion re-establish'd, Right maintain'd,
Supported Freedom, Property secur'd,
And made Oppression tremble when he frown'd ;
Was born and liv'd for the World's Happiness :
In ev'ry Part of his unequal'd Life
A Hero still confess'd to all the World,
And died at last as greatly as he liv'd ;
Whose dying Arm for Liberty did more
Than if the noblest Conquest he had gain'd :
And who, to sum all Praises up in one,
Maintains ev'n dead the Freedom of the World,
Both by his Conduct, which Confederate Powers,
By Him combin'd in mutual League, pursue ;
And by the Wisdom of that Mighty Queen,

Who

Who now adds Lustre to th' Imperial Crown :
Her Wisdom and her Virtues are the Gifts,
Which He upon these Happy Realms bestow'd.
Had it not been for his Heroick Toils,
The Golden Scepter She so mildly sways,
Had been in bloody Hands an Iron Rod.
And can we owe this Happiness to Him,
And yet refuse our Benefactor's Praise?
Where is our Honour? Where our Gratitude?
And where our boasted Loyalty to Her?
Can we be Foes to his Immortal Name,
Who gave us Her, who all his wondrous Steps
Pursues, and seconds all his vast Designs?
And may she second all, till she attains
The Happy Glorious End which He propos'd.



FINIS.

